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A PILGRIM.

PILGRIMS AND PILGRIMAGES.

From the Editor's Journal of Travels in Italy.

Cortona was the scene of considerable excitement. As I entered the city, I observed a remarkable stir in the streets; persons of different classes moving about without apparent object, but all as if full of some pressing business. Shops were open, with all their attractions displayed, stalls set up here and there, and some of the crowd stepping in and out, while the noise of tongues was incessant, and eyes, feet and hands seemed all at work. In the midst of it my companion touched my elbow, and exclaimed, "who is this?"

It was a person with an old, tattered garment,—a long string of great wooden beads, with a cross hanging in front, a staff in hand, a sad, solemn, care-worn, and hunger-worn countenance, striding along through the gay and motley crowd, without looking to the right or to the left, and apparently intent only on making way through it. "What is that?" enquired my companion; but he addressed his question to one unprepared to answer. I stood and gazed with him. There was a strange mixture of novelty with something familiar to my eyes. In an instant, I perceived that a cockle-shell, stuck in a conspicuous part of the dress, was what had struck me as something with which I was familiar; but it required a little reflection to trace my recollections clearly to any definite point. Suddenly it came to my recollection; a pilgrim from the Holy Land—yes, there was the staff, the scrap, the bottle, the rosary, the cross, and, above all, the cockle-shell. This last was the sign not only of a pilgrim, but of a pilgrim from Jerusalem, from the "Holy Sepulchre!"

A peculiar impression was made on my mind by this thought; and no doubt some of my readers may feel a little of the same, as they hear of the personage who occupied my attention; for I had some romantic ideas in mind, and not a few of my countrymen, I am certain, resemble me in that particular.

As the singular figure moved along, it attracted but little notice, except from one person. A baker, on seeing it pass his door, hurried after it, with an urgent invitation to return and partake of the food he had to offer; and the proposal was accepted, though in perfect silence.

A tenth part of all the reflections to which

this incident has since led me, I have neither room nor time to record; but I shall briefly write down a few.

A common American reader must almost necessarily entertain romantic conceptions of the character of pilgrims, because he views them through a false medium. Novels and poetry are almost the only vehicles in which, so to speak, pilgrims ever travel to America. Some will be ready to prompt me, by adding history; but I shall immediately reply, that little has been written of them, in what is called history, which is not in fact poetical and romantic, that is, either false or discolored.

In the first place, a pilgrim must be ignorant, for he is the dupe of imposture. It may be that some pilgrims have been learned; but what is that learning worth which cannot prevent its owner from acting the part of a child? The vast majority of pilgrims have undoubtedly been extremely ignorant. The moving spring of their actions, the very inciting cause of the character they assume, of the task to which they devote themselves, proves their total ignorance of the first principles of the Gospel: their fundamental mistake concerning Christianity, of which they claim to be devotees, is the expectation of gaining heaven by their own merits. Let any person consider this misconception in its true light, in contrast with the ground-work of the Old and New Testament doctrine of the inability of man to earn any thing from his Maker, and then look upon the toils and privations of a pilgrim, laboring his way to a place of pretended sanctity, as acts incited by such a degrading view of the Almighty, and he will only pity the poor, ignorant, deluded victim of imposture and self-conceit.

We can hardly expect those who allow their views to be controlled by the frivolous writers of fashionable books, to look upon a subject like this with the eyes of common sense. They like to have the rainbows of fancy surround every object before their eyes, and are unwilling to have the cobwebs of imagination brushed away, because they make a pleasing, though an unsubstantial drapery, to conceal things more repulsive in form and nature. Common sense, however, does not hesitate to raise her broom, and sweep with a strong hand down to the solid walls. Let but the reader of history thus proceed when he comes to the story of the crusades, and

what a different aspect would those long past ages present! He would no longer be dazzled by the childish splendor of knights and squires led on in thousands by renowned chieftains and mighty monarchs, to a glorious enterprize, for the love of God and the good of man. He would see millions of men, like the poor fanatic depicted on our title page, forsaking home and friends, abandoning aged parents and tender babes to suffer or to starve from neglect, and wending their way, without geography enough in their heads to know how far, or whither, under the delusion assiduously inculcated into each mind in detail, that by so doing, each would secure to himself that endless happiness which is promised only to those who trust in the perfect righteousness of one better than man. He would see millions of Quixotes, with millions of Sancho Panzas, proceeding after adventures not less crazy, though far less respectable for disinterestedness, and a thousand times more disastrous and savage in their results.

The Crusaders were pilgrims, armed, it is true, and embodied like soldiers, but not differing from pilgrims in the main-spring of their movements. Some of our readers will exclaim at our views of this subject; but let them reflect on its importance. Have they ever viewed aright that grand delusion under which the crusaders were enrolled and conducted? Have they pictured aright to their minds the "Crusades of Children," in which thousands of boys and girls, on more than one occasion, set off in large armies, in imitation of their parents, to walk to the "Holy City?" History herself seems to have been ashamed of this extreme of delusion and fanaticism; for but few books make even an allusion to the fact. But such is one of the effects of the madness of error, when allowed to proceed to the end of the course it chooses; and such are the warnings which true history, divested of romance, should duly and distinctly hold up to the view of mankind. The history of the march of the first armies of crusaders, is the history of the progress of immense mobs of fanatics, who were soon turned to robbers and butchers.

We speak without fear of contradiction when we say, that no great subject of modern history has been more frequently dressed in false colors than the Crusades; and that there is scarcely any on which a good teacher has greater reason to guard his pupils from fa-

shionable misconceptions. Perhaps as good a way as any, is to begin with the contemplation of a pilgrim, like the one depicted on our first page, and a striking view of the system of imposture by which he is sent off on his wild career. Peter the Hermit was a pilgrim, and a short history of his life is this.—He induced the Pope, Urban 2d, to invite all Europe to go where he had been, that is, to Jerusalem, by promises of eternal life; and to threaten with eternal death all who might offer opposition. (See Bower's History of the Popes, vol. 2, p. 419, and onward:—also, Ranke's History of the Popes, &c.)

Then turn to the heads of the successive enterprises in following ages. See the popes repeating the lucrative process of ordering crusades, raising money to carry them on, and sometimes converting the treasures to their own use. Many of our readers probably do not know that an old Bull, or papal decree, originally issued centuries ago, to engage men in this fanatical warfare, is still regularly printed over again every two years, and sold all over the world, even in America, for the purpose of raising a little money for those ecclesiastics who obtain the privilege of supplying the market in particular districts or parishes.

METEOR IN SYRIA.—The Boston Traveller contains the following extract from a communication lately received in that city, from an intelligent individual who has resided a number of years in Syria:

"About eight o'clock this evening, (June 17th.) a most magnificent meteor darted athwart our northwestern horizon. It was at first discovered at an elevation of about thirty-five degrees, and it rushed northward with a hissing noise, leaving behind it a brilliant train, like an immense rocket. It descended by a very slight inclination, and exploded before it reached the horizon. This was the most remarkable meteor I have ever seen. Its size was extraordinary, the length of the train was prodigious, and in brilliancy it resembled the sun. But the most astonishing circumstance was, that it continued to shine with undiminished brightness for a full hour after the explosion took place. It then twisted and curved from its original position, carried about apparently by the wind, and, fading away insensibly, it finally disappeared. This glorious phenomenon has cast an air of solemnity over every countenance, whilst the more ignorant natives were filled with terror and dismay. They universally believe that it portends some dreadful calamity."

LIVING SKETCHES OF ITALY—No. 10.

History of the Imposture of St. Filumena.—

[Continued.]

[The reader is requested to bear in mind, as he proceeds with the various steps by which the minds of the people of Italy were excited on this subject, that the simple relation we obtain from the authenticated account before us, plainly proves that the foundation of the whole, from the commencement, was the pretended testimony of witnesses unknown to those who were called upon to credit it, and passed off on the mere word of men apparently interested in propagating the story; and chiefly on that of the prime mover of the whole scheme, the shrewd Don Francisco de Lucia himself. Our readers will probably smile more than once, as we have done, at the versatility, readiness, activity and usual success of this man in his various plans, places, offices and occupations. The picture has much that is new to American readers, and gives a new insight into the intellectual and moral state of the Italians, the puppets by which they are amused, and the workers of the wires which set them in motion. We proceed with our extracts.]

2d. *Vision.*

"The second revelation is that made to a zealous priest, a great devotee of Saint Filumena. Don Francisco informs us that what he has written as from him was all received directly from himself; and besides that, he heard him tell it in the very church in which the body of the Saint reposes. The following is his recital."

"I was walking one day in the country, when I saw a woman approach me whom I did not know. She addressed me the following words: 'Is it true that you have put up in your church a picture of Saint Filumena?' 'Yes,' said I, 'what you say is true.' 'But what do you know about that Saint?' 'Very little; we have hitherto been able to ascertain nothing respecting her beyond what we are taught by the inscription and the emblems engraved on her tomb;—and these I began to explain to her. She allowed me to go through with them, and then resumed with liveliness; 'You know nothing more about her then?'—'No, nothing else.' 'But there are many other things to be said about that Saint.—When the world know them, they will be overwhelmed with astonishment. Do you

not know the cause of her persecution and martyrdom?' 'Yes, but nothing more.'—Well, I will tell you. It was because she refused to give her hand to Diocletian, who had intended to make her his wife; and the reason of her refusal was her wish to remain single for the love of Jesus Christ.'

"At these words so full of joy, like one who hears news after having long desired it, I said: 'Do you not deceive me? Are you very certain of what I have heard from your mouth? Where did you read it? We have been seeking for several years to find some author who might give us particulars concerning that Saint, and our researches have thus far been fruitless.'" The woman replied that she had not read of it in any book, but knew it to be true, and soon vanished.

3d. *Vision.*

[The third revelation, we are told, was made to a man, belonging to a convent in Naples, who was subjected to a rigorous ecclesiastical examination, and the evidence plainly proved] "to possess all those characteristics which distinguish true revelations from false."

[Don Francisco de Lucia states, that his witness had been for some time a devout worshipper of Saint Filomena, and, for her faithfulness, had received repeated and sensible marks of her favor. She had been saved by her from various temptations by Satan, and, after many exercises of prayer, self-denial and mortification, had arrived at a state of tranquillity and joy. She had had many intimate interviews and long conversations with the Saint, while lying, in her acts of penance, at the foot of the crucifix, and received from her much advice respecting the direction of the community of nuns which had been committed to her, and for the guidance of her own conduct. She had a small picture of the Saint in her cell, which was observed to change its aspect from time to time, and it was therefore removed to the church with great festivity and solemnity, and there permanently placed. The nun performed her acts of worship before it on communion days; and on one occasion, while so employed, she felt a lively desire to become acquainted with the very date of the martyrdom of her favorite saint. All at once she found her eyes closed, and she had a vision. A sweet voice was heard speaking these words: "My dear sister, it was on the 10th

of August that I died to live, and entered heaven in triumph." She added, that the Savior had her mortal remains removed to Mugnano, and deposited in the church on the 10th of that same month, thus defeating the designs of the priest who had had them in his possession, and who had intended to introduce them into that place on the 5th, and to keep them in his own house.]

[The nun had another vision subsequently, in consequence, as we are told, of her "obedience" to the requirements of her "spiritual guides;" "obedience being always victorious, in the language of the holy books." The same sweet voice now addressed the nun as follows:]

"My dear sister, I am daughter of a prince who governed a little state in Greece, and my mother also was of the blood royal." [She then added a long account of her parents professing Christianity, resisting Rome and becoming acquainted with the Emperor Diocletian, who proposed to marry her, but in consequence of her refusal, (because she had vowed to live single and consecrated to Christ) changed from entreaties to threats of torture. The Virgin Mary appeared to her in prison, promising her her own aid, and that of the angel Gabriel. She was first whipped until covered with one wound, and then thrown into the Tiber, with an anchor fastened to her neck. Two angels broke the chain and floated her gently to the shore, in the presence of a crowd of spectators. She was then shot with many arrows, but cured in one night by an angel. Again the archers drew their bows at her, but their arrows refused to strike her. A magician was called, who tried to get the supposed enchantment out of the arrows by means of fire; but, when shot at her again, they flew back, and killed six of the archers, and many of the survivors renounced paganism. The emperor finally ordered her to be beheaded, which was done, and then, rising to heaven, she received the crown and palms of victory.]

[These three visions are considered as establishing the history and high reputation of Saint Filomena. The evidence is spoken of as if it were perfectly satisfactory, no doubt being expressed in consequence of the situation and interests of the witnesses, or their examiners, or the peculiar circumstances which must strike the mind of the reader as

highly suspicious, and no apology being made for adducing no further proof.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EXPRESS.

The article below appeared in the "Albany Daily American Citizen" of the 10th inst. It meets with the approbation of all who have witnessed the operation of the machines. I am induced to make a few corrections, and send it to you for publication. It is but a small tribute to native genius of the first class, and of an enterprise worthy of an American citizen.

ENTERPRISE.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SCREWS.

Next to the Nail, the Screw is one of the most indispensable articles in common use.—The manufacture of screws, both in this country and in Europe, is an important branch of mechanical labor, and thousands of operatives are employed in it constantly. It is a nice piece of work to turn out a well-made and handsome screw, and it is done, and with great facility too, by machinery. Screw factories in this country are almost entirely located in the New England States. They employ a large number of hands, and make a vast number of screws yearly. It has been supposed for years that perfection had been reached, so far as machinery is concerned, in this business. But there seems to be no limit to the ingenuity and inventive faculties of our countrymen. The wonder of to-day is destined to be totally eclipsed by the wonder of to-morrow.

A mechanic of New York, and one of the best, theoretically and practically, that our country can yet boast of, has been for the last seven years preparing and bringing to perfection a machine, or rather a series of machines, of his own invention, and upon a plan and principle entirely new, for the manufacture of screws of all sizes. He has at length completed a set of them, four in number, and set them in motion. They are found to meet the most sanguine expectations of their inventor, who has had them patented in this country and in Great Britain, and will soon extend his right over France, Germany, and Russia.

During a late visit to New York, we accepted the invitation of a friend to witness the operations of the screw-making apparatus.—Though too unacquainted with the complicated machinery and its principles to be able either to comprehend fully its action, or describe intelligibly what we saw, yet we were highly delighted and interested with the performance, and shall make an attempt to convey an idea of the thing to our readers—hoping they will not have reason, before we finish, to regard it as one ex-screw-ciating 'bore.'

The first machine employed in the production of a perfect screw, is massive and costly. The business allotted it to perform, consists in receiving the cylindrical wire, cutting it the required length, and 'heading' it. This work the obedient apparatus performs with astonishing rapidity, turning out sixty-two per minute.

All are cut of an equal length, and the heads are perfectly formed. The inventor has in view the building of an improved 'header,' which will operate with more than treble the rapidity that this does.

No. two is less than a quarter the size of the 'header,' and equal in dimensions with Nos. 3 and 4. It is compact and occupies but little room. It receives the headed articles into a sort of hopper into which they are thrown promiscuously, but in which they arrange themselves with perfect regularity before they escape from it. By means of two rollers turning rapidly, they are carried down a little inclined plane, and singly pass out of the hopper, are instantly grasped by a pair of iron fingers, and firmly held while the uneven surfaces of their heads are turned smooth, polished, and pared down to their proper size, at the rate of 37 to the minute. They are then dropped into a trough, from which they are shovelled into the hopper of

No. 3, "the nicker," through which they pass singly, and in regular procession, and are held while the whirring servant man's creation cuts the "nick" in the head, 20 to the minute, by which the screw when used, is "sent home" by the screw-driver. This operation duly performed, the article is ready for

No. 4, into the hopper of which they are thrown for the 'finishing touch.' We wish it were in our power to convey to our readers even a faint idea of this truly wonderful monument of man's genius and skill. We can only tell, in our own way, what it performs. It cuts the thread, which is at once the nicest and most important part of the work. The article is carried down the plane by the rollers. When its turn comes, a slide flies back—it passes through the opening, and as the slide closes, drops down a gaping throat, the bottom of which it reaches just in time to be clutched by a queer-shaped pair of tongs. These faithful forceps make a downward and forward motion—sudden and nervous—the last of which thrusts the unthreaded but well headed object of their solicitude into the *thread cutter*. They then leave it sticking patiently and expectantly, and fly back to the throat above. No sooner are they gone, than a pair of strong iron fingers dart forward, grasp the head of the candidate with scrupulous care, and hold it firmly while it passes in and out before the thread cutter three times. The fingers then let go their hold, and drop it into the trough below—a *perfect screw*.—By the time it fairly reaches the trough, its next neighbor of the hopper has been picked up at the throat, brought down, thrust into the cutter, and clutched by the finger; and thus the work goes on, screw after screw, beautifully made, dropping out constantly and with the astonishing rapidity of 20 per minute.

As a matter of course, this wonderful invention is destined to revolutionize the manufacture of screws.

The "NEW ENGLAND WORKS," which are the most extensive in this country for the manufacture of screws, employ about four hundred hands, and manufacture about 2000 gross per day; whilst by this new invention, 2000 are made in the same time with the labor of but 30 hands. The new machines are more simple in their construction and operation, less liable to get out of repair, and far less expensive in every respect than those of the "New England Works," and more—the manufacturers of this article in Great Britain, cannot come in competition with these astonishing, and almost wonder-working machines. Their pauper labor will not accomplish it. Their capital cannot effect it. It is satisfactorily ascertained by conclusive data, that a better article of screws can be made in this country by these machines, at much less per gross—paying the equivalent for labor—than can be in Great Britain, by their oppressive system of labor without reward.

The ingenious inventor, who is a New Yorker, informed us that he had nearly matured his invention—had planned and built it in his brain—previous to the enactment of the present Tariff Law. He submitted his plan to capitalists, but not a man of them would invest his money in the enterprize, until after this great and beneficent measure of Protection came into operation. Then they were ready and eager to embark in it. The money necessary to build and test it, and carry on the business, was immediately forthcoming, and now all things are in readiness to commence the manufacture. Upwards of thirty men are already employed in making the machinery, &c., and the enterprising and ingenious mechanic has now almost the certain prospect of the control of the manufacturing world in the production of the important article of screws. It will be an important business, and will add greatly to the growing fame of Yankee ingenuity and enterprise.

An Intellectual Prodigy.

The following article, taken from the Western Episcopalian, published at Gambier, Ohio, is from the pen of Rev. George Dennison, formerly Professor of Mathematics in Kenyon College, and now a resident of Newark, Ohio:

A Wonderful Child.

MR. EDITOR—Perhaps you have seen in the political papers of the day mention made of a child in this vicinity of most astonishing intellectual ability. Being on a visit to my father, I yesterday went to see this child, and verily believe him to surpass any thing of the kind on record in the history of man, and to open a door by which we are permitted for a time to see something of what our minds are, and what they can become when this natural body shall have been exchanged for the spiritual.

This child's name is T. H. Safford, Jr.; he is now nine years and six months of age, of small stature, and pallid countenance; his little arms not much larger than my two fingers; he is of noble carriage, frank, and yet not forward. His eye is his most remarkable feature, being very large, and very bright, and when excited it rolls in its socket with an almost spasmodic force, while his little hand is thrown over them both in such a way as to indicate pain. I am told that there is scarcely any thing in the circle of sciences with which this child is not acquainted. History, and particularly natural history, is his favorite. I examined him, however, in nothing but mathematics and astronomy. His father and myself were old Sunday school scholars together, and every opportunity was given me to test the child thoroughly.

I will now proceed to give some account of a long examination. While the child was not yet come in from the field, where, with his little sister, he was gone to gather wild berries, I examined an almanac in manuscript for A. D. 1846, all of which this child has wrought out alone; much of it, including one of the eclipses, before witnesses with whom I am acquainted. About twelve days have already been spent by an adult in copying in a fair hand the almost illegible writing of his tiny fingers. We were examining the projection of the eclipses which he himself had made and subsequently calculated when he came in. I told him of the blind student in Kenyon College, who was studying the Differential and Integral Calculus. He seemed much pleased, and said he did not think he could have done that without sight. I then asked him of the projection which lay before us; he immediately commenced a full explanation, and I felt, as his little infant hand ran rapidly over the diagram, and I listened to his child-like expressions, as if I were in the presence of some superior being. In some instances I puzzled him, but never did he appear fretful; and when I told him any thing he did not already know, he always repaid it with a smile.

I asked him, if two equal circles cut each other to the extent of 1-12 of their diameter, what area would be thus cut away? Quicker than I could think, he said "the 144th part." I then asked him if 3-12, or digits, were thus cut, and he instantly said "1-16." I asked him how he knew, and he said "3-12=1-4, and 1-4 squared is 1-16." I asked him why he squared it? He said, "It is so in a semi-circle and must be so in a

circle". I then told him the rule of homologous sides, and he smiled and said he understood it. I then asked him, if two legs of a right angled triangle were given, one 12 and the other 16, what the hypotenuse would be? and he instantly replied "20: wouldn't it? Yes!" I then said, suppose the legs were 8 and 16, then what? In half a minute, and without a pencil, he replied, "17.8885." I then asked, if the legs were 7 and 15, then what? He was rather longer in answering, but took no pencil, and replied, "16,553."

I gave him the following questions: The square of 465? He said "216225." The cube of 26? He answered, "17576." I asked him if I might try him on the fourth power? He said yes, if I would not go beyond two figures. I asked him the fourth power of 75. His eye whirled, and he sprang like an arrow to the door, hung by one hand to the door post, and came, in say three-fourths of a minute, and replied, "thirty-one millions six hundred and forty thousand six hundred and twenty-five, (31,640,625.) * * * *

As he had performed all these in his head, I was desirous of knowing what his process was. I therefore gave him a sum of four figures to be multiplied by another of four figures, on the slate. He took the first figure and run it through as we do from right to left, and then wrote the second line back again from left to right, and so on. He did not multiply one figure of the multiplicand by itself, but always two. His calculations entirely outstrip the capability of his pencil to record them.

I tried to make his parents feel that he was a treasure lent. The mother evidently felt it so, but the father seemed unwilling to yield the fond belief that he might become as wonderful a man as he surely is a child. At all events, I cannot but feel as if I have seen something of what we yet may be when mortality shall have been swallowed up of life.

GEORGE DENNISON.

ROYALTON, Vermont, Aug. 2, 1845.

BUTTER.—It is known that the rancid taste in butter is owing to the buttermilk being imperfectly expressed or worked out, which is found difficult to accomplish with a wooden spoon, not being able to apply the necessary power in using it. In Goshen, New York, they now cover the hands with linen gloves, and they forcibly work out the buttermilk, and thus by excluding the air in packing, the article long keeps sweet.

—Country paper.



MAGNETICO-ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT,

For Medical Use.

We here present our readers with a new instrument for the application of magnetism and electricity to the human frame, in two views. Although the nature of these agents is so difficult to be apprehended without prolonged study and attention to experiments, we may hope to give, even a hasty reader, some intelligence concerning their use, even in few lines, availing ourselves of the assistance of an illustrative print.

Surprizing advances have indeed been made within a few years, in our acquaintance with these subtle agents, yet we are still profoundly ignorant of some most important points, so that we are at a loss whether to call them fluids or not, and cannot draw strong lines of definition between them. We proceed with a description of the apparatus and its use, in the words of Messrs. Pike & Son, of New York, the manufacturers.

Description. The most convenient Instrument for Medical use is that represented in the annexed figure. It consists of a double helix or coil, the inner one is composed of two or more strands of large insulated copper wire. The outer helix is completely insulated from the other, and consists of about 1000 feet of very fine insulated copper wire. In the interior of this double helix, a bundle of iron wires is inserted to a greater or less distance; when completely within, the shock is very great, but may be modified to any extent by drawing it out. One or more small wires may be inserted the whole length, which will have the same effect as the bundle, when placed partly within the coil. On one side is an Electro Magnet, connected to one pole of which, is a vibrating spring; in the centre of this spring is a platina plate, which touches a screw with the point of the same, from which emanates a spark when the instrument is in operation. On one end are pillars with holes across them, and binding screws on the top which receive the handles or buttons to apply the shocks to the person. On the other

end are pillars with holes in the top, and binding screws on the sides to receive the wires to connect with the battery. The Battery is a square box of copper, with an interior partition, (within which the instrument is packed,) with a square zinc form, which is placed between the copper surface; in the corners of both the zinc and copper, are tubes to receive the connecting wires.

Directions for using the Instrument.

Within the Battery is used sulphate of copper; dissolve about $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. to one pint of water, and pour it in between the zinc and copper; the acid will be of a blue color. On the copper are projections for the zinc to rest when not in use, as when left in, it corrodes unnecessarily, and when it has been in use sometime, may require washing. It should be washed after using, and when much corroded may require to be scraped, to present a clean surface of zinc. After using the instrument, the acid may be poured into any vessel or bottle, except the sediments, which should be washed away; the acid may remain in the copper without injury. When the copper collects too fast on the zinc, water must be added to the solution.

A pair of brass handles to receive the shocks in the hands, also a pair of large buttons with corks to insulate, for applying to any part of the body without receiving it in the hands;—also a footplate to place the foot upon, when more convenient, accompany each instrument.

The whole, with the instrument, is put in a polished mahogany case, with lock and key, 11 inches long by 6 inches wide, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. Price \$12.

The instruments are made of a uniform size, but are sometimes made more portable by using a more compact battery, in which case the box is smaller.

INDIAN AND YANKEE.—The water at Mackinaw is very clear and very cold, so cold as to be almost insupportable. A gentleman lately amused himself by throwing a small gold coin in 20 feet water, and giving it to any Indian who would bring it up. Down they plunged, but after descending 10 or 12 feet they come up so chilled, that after several ineffectual attempts they gave it up. A Yankee standing by observed that, "if he would give it to him for getting it he'd swing it up quicker than lightning," to which he consented; when Jonathan instead of plunging in as was expected, quietly took up a setting pole and dipping the end in a tar barrel, reached it down to the coin and brought it up, and slipping it in his pocket, walked off, to the amazement of the Indian divers, and the no small chagrin of the donor.—*Cor. Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

The unfortunate steamer, the British Queen, has been sold at Antwerp, to M. Louis Remwitt, for 238,000 francs, without the furniture.



An Ashantee Warrior and his Attendant.

The Ashantee nation, in the interior of Western Africa, is one of the most remarkable of all for their military power, as well as barbarity. The following extract on the English expedition to their country, we copy from Wilson. (p. 203.)

The mission having set out on the 22d April, 1817, passed over a country covered, in a great measure, with immense and overgrown woods, through which a footpath had with difficulty been cut, though in some parts it presented the most beautiful scenery. Being delayed by Mr. James's illness, they did not arrive at Coomassie, the capital, till the 19th May, when they were surprised at its unexpected splendor. It was four miles in circumference, built not indeed with European elegance, but in a style considerably superior to any of the maritime towns. The houses, though low, and constructed only of wood, were profusely covered with ornament and sculpture. The array of the caboceers, or great war-chiefs, was at once brilliant, dazzling and wild. They were loaded with fine cloths, in which, variously colored threads of the richest foreign silks were curiously interwoven; and both themselves and their horses were covered with decorations of gold beads, Moorish charms or amulets, purchased at a high price, and the whole intermingled with strings of human teeth and bones. Leopards' skins, red shells, elephants' tails, eagle and ostrich feathers, and brass bells were among the favorite ornaments. On being introduced to the king, the English found all these embellishments crowded and concentrated on his own person and that of his attendants, who were literally oppressed with large masses of solid gold, and even the most common utensils were composed of that metal.

By recent advices between 2,000 and 3,000 tons of British shipping were loading and waiting for ore at St. Jago de Cuba.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Singular Phenomenon on Lake Ontario.

The Coburg (C. W.) Starr relates the following most curious circumstance:—

On Saturday last, a most extraordinary occurrence was noticed in the lake at this place. Shortly before noon some gentlemen walking up the wharf, happening to cast their eyes upon the water between the piers, were struck with the very unusual appearance of a strong current tide, as it were setting directly out to sea. It seemed as if the whole Lake was going bodily away. In a few moments nearly a third part of the inner harbor, with a corresponding portion of the shore on either side, was left entirely bare; when suddenly the tide turned, and came as rapidly back again, filling the harbor, at least two feet higher than it was before. This extraordinary action of the Lake was continued at intervals of every eight or ten minutes, till after dark—the highest tide noticed being a little before six in the evening, when the water rose several inches higher than it was last spring, and just two feet and an inch above its present level. We understand the same occurrence was noticed at other places on the Lake, and hear that at Port Hope the effect was so great that the steamboat Princess Royal could not get into the Harbor at all, running hard aground when more than her length outside the entrance to the piers. The cause of so extraordinary a phenomenon is at present a matter of various conjecture, but the general opinion seems to be that it could only have been produced by a violent earthquake in some part of the continent, which we shall probably soon hear of.

THE NEWBURGH MASTODON.—A few months ago this wonderful skeleton was discovered by men digging in a marl meadow, about five miles back from the Hudson river at Newburgh. The newspapers had given us notice of the fact, but, on entering the hall where it has been placed for exhibition in this city, (Broadway, near Canal street,) we felt that we had formed but a faint idea of its appearance. It is almost perfect, nothing having been supplied except the tusks, and sufficient fragments of those lying on the floor, to show that the artificial ones are exact copies.

The discoverer, who also dug out the skeleton, marked the parts, and brought them down, is present in the exhibition to answer questions. The skeleton is 12 feet high, and including the tusks, 29 feet long, weighing 2000 pounds. It is truly an interesting object, and excites feelings difficult to describe.

From the Mich. Farmer.

THE PEACH.

The peach is subject to a disease called the yellows; its presence may be easily detected by the appearance of the leaves, which assume a sallow, sickly hue. There is no remedy known, and the sooner a tree that is diseased is cut down and burned the better. The disease may be, and is no doubt often ignorantly and incidentally propagated by inoculations. Plunge a knife into the bark of a diseased tree, and then into a healthy one, and the disease will show itself in a few days.—Using a pruning knife or saw upon a healthy tree, that has been used in pruning a diseased one, would communicate the disease; or budding from scions taken from an affected tree would produce the same effect. The cause of the disease is not known; recently, however, the cultivators of the peach in the region of New York, attribute it to the forcing of the trees in the nursery when young. Trees that have been reared upon a poor soil, it is said, have escaped the disease, while those that have been forced, have been subject to it.

The peach is liable to the attack of the borer, or gnat as it is generally called. Their ravages may be discovered by the appearance of the body of the tree near the surface of the ground; they usually commence their attack just below the surface and work upward, and their appearance is indicated by the gum oozing at, or near the surface. Take a sharp knife and cut them out and destroy them.—Sometimes you will find but a single depredator—then again you will find them by dozens. The best remedy with which I am acquainted, is, to remove the earth from around the body of the tree to the depth of two or three inches, and fill up the hole with leached ashes. Latterly I have taken the precaution to apply the ashes when I transplant my trees, and since adopting this expedient I have not been troubled with them.

A HORTICULTURIST.

A WOODEN INFANT.—A woman named Anne Sparkes, an old offender, was placed at the London Police bar before Mr. Long, upon the following charge of robbery:—

Harding deposed that on the same morning, between two and three o'clock, he met the prisoner in High-street, Camden-town; when, judging from the peculiar way in which she carried a bundle that she had in her possession some stolen property, he stopped her, and asked her what she had, to which she replied "Only my baby, and I have wrapped up the little dear to prevent it from catching cold." Witness laid his hand upon the said bundle, and finding that it contained something very hard, remarked that if there was a child in it it must certainly be a wooden one, and upon examination, it turned out that the "blessed baby" had been miraculously transformed into a couple of planes. The prisoner was questioned as to whom they belonged, and she

said they were her brother-in-law's, the address of whom she refused to give. She was immediately conveyed from thence to the station house.

John Banberry, a carpenter living in Sussex terrace, Hampstead road, identified the planes as being his, and stated that he missed them about seven o'clock from a building near his own residence, at which he had been working the previous day.

The prisoner was committed for trial.

PROGRESS OF A POUND OF COTTON.—The following account of the adventures of a pound of manufactured cotton, will show the importance of manufactures to a country in a very conspicuous manner:—"There was sent off for London, lately, from Glasgow, a small piece of muslin about one pound weight, the history of which is as follows:—The cotton came from the United States to London; from London it went to Manchester, where it was manufactured into yarn; from Manchester it was sent to Paisley, where it was woven; it was sent to Ayrshire next, where it was tamboured; afterwards it was conveyed to Dumbarton, when it was handsewed, and again returned to Paisley, when it was sent to a distant part of the county of Renfrew to be bleached, and was returned to Paisley; then sent to Glasgow and was finished; and from Glasgow was sent per coach to London. It is difficult to ascertain precisely the time taken to bring this article to market, but it may be pretty near the truth to reckon it two years from the time it was packed in America, till its cloth arrived at the merchant's warehouse in London, whither it must have been conveyed 3,000 miles by sea, and 920 by land, and contributed towards the support of no less than 150 people, whose services were necessary in the carriage and manufacture of this small quantity of cotton, and by which the value has been advanced 2000 per cent.—What is said of this piece is descriptive of no inconsiderable part of the trade."—*Eng. paper.*

Staines.—*Discovery of an Interesting Historical Relic.*—On Thursday, the 11th inst., a tradesman of this town observed on a market stall a small plate, on which was engraved a long, but well-executed inscription, which he purchased for twopence. On closer examination, the plate proved to be of solid silver, and the tenor of the Latin inscription was diligently inquired for. From one hand to another it passed, until it reached Dr. Beasley, who found that the plate had been attached to a chest formed from a pile driven by Cassivellanus to prevent the passage of Caesar and his army across the Thames, at the Coway, Walton. That several of these stakes had been found from time to time in the bed of the river has been long known, and brought as evidence of the length of time which the exclusion of the air by water, &c., will preserve timber.—A short notice of the fact relating to this passage of the Thames will be found in Camden,

under the head of Walton. The circumstance of a silver plate being purchased for twopence at an old iron stall furnished a subject for gossip, and the person who had sold the plate soon found the "cista," and brought it to the doctor, who lost no time in making the purchase. No doubt of identity was entertained, as the plate had been carefully set into the wood. Of so little value had it been considered by its late owner, that the lid of the chest or caddy, having been split, was burnt, and the chest itself would have speedily followed the same fate, if the Latin inscription had not saved it.—*Eng. paper.*

MORAL INFLUENCE.—At a public meeting in New York, Rev. J. Spaulding dwelt a few moments on the deathless nature and extent of moral influence. "Away among the Alleghanies," said he, "there is a spring so small that a *single ox on a Summer's day could drink it dry*. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then, joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it fades into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar, till the angel, with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with *moral influence*. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—and it is an ocean—boundless and fathomless as eternity."

The past summer has been a very sickly one in this state and Illinois. No situation, however salubrious in appearance, has been exempted from disease. We have heard an estimate that probably 200,000 persons in these states have been ill this season of the diseases peculiar to the season. It is certain that, in numerous neighborhoods throughout the whole region, entire families have suffered—in many cases, almost every member being prostrated at the same time, and hardly able to assist another. The consumption of drugs has been enormous.—*St. Louis New Era.*

METEORIC STONES.—The number of meteoric stones deposited in the Mineralogical Cabinet of Yale College, is increasing, and some of the specimens are large, beautiful, and wonderfully crystallized. The October number of Silliman's Journal con-

tains an extract from a letter from Rev. Mr. Bingham, describing a shower of meteoric stones which fell some years since over the Sandwich Islands, especially near Oahu and Honolulu. The report of the explosion was mistaken by himself and others for a heavy discharge of cannon. It was also heard distinctly eighty miles distant from where masses of the stone fell, a specimen of which has been deposited in the Cabinet of Yale College.—*N. Haven paper.*

BIOGRAPHICAL.

From the Connecticut Courant.

George Wyllys, the third Governor of Connecticut.

The third Governor of Connecticut, of a family whose lineage ran back in the line of English nobility to the time of Edward the Fourth, was born in the hereditary mansion of Fanny Compton, at Knapton, in the county of Warwick, in England, where he enjoyed an estate worth five hundred pounds a year. Of his early life and education we have no traces. The fact that both himself and his wife were exact Puritans, is learned from the manuscripts of his family; and that early as 1636 he determined to emigrate to New England. Preferring, however, that a home should be prepared for him in the New World, ere he left his paternal mansion in the Old, and being in circumstances to justify the outlay, he sent out his steward, William Gibbons, and twenty men, with the frame of a house, to select a site in Hartford, and there await his arrival.

Mr. Gibbons was charged particularly by Mr. Wyllys, it is stated on good authority, to examine and report to him whether or not there was much clay in Hartford, and wrote back that "*there was enough,*" he thought, "*to last a few years.*"

Two years elapsed ere he carried his design into effect—a period within which his dwelling had been prepared, the ground to a considerable extent cleared, a garden laid out, and an orchard of fruit trees commenced, one of which, an apple tree, singularly enough, still survives, and though shrivelled to a fifth of its original size, it still supports two young shoots, from which a few good pears were last year plucked. The site of the Wyllys dwelling is familiarly known as the spot where the Charter Oak now stands. Thither George Wyllys came in 1638, leaving one son (George) in England, on the paternal estate—and bringing with him his son Samuel, and two daughters, Hester and Amy, the first of whom af-

terwards married Captain Harding, and the second, Major John Pynchon, of Springfield.

In 1639 he was chosen into the magistracy of the colony, and again in 1640. In 1641 he was elected deputy governor; in 1642 Governor; and after this continued to occupy the post of Assistant till his death—which occurred March 9th, 1644—(1645 according to the present computation) “on which day and year,” says our town record, “George Wyllys, Esq., late of Fanny Compton, in old England, dyed.”

His experience, therefore, of the new world did not last long—not beyond six years—a period, however, sufficiently long for him to establish a solid reputation for piety and prudence, and to deserve and receive from his fellow citizens the reward of high public offices and trust.

This period was marked in the history of the colony by the establishment of our first civil constitution—by the institution of town courts, and the court of magistrates, and the regular enrollment of petit and grand juries—by the completion of the twelve capital laws—by the establishment of the confederation of the New England colonies for mutual succor and support—by the purchase and settlement or adoption, on the part of the Connecticut colony, of the towns of Fairfield, Stratford, Saybrook, and Southampton on Long Island—by ecclesiastical contentions at Wethersfield, resulting in the settlement of Stamford—by several serious disputes with the Dutch at New York, and within our own city at Dutch Point—by a new and successful expedition against the Pequots in Pawcatuc Bay, under the command of Captain Mason—by the war between Uncas and Miantonomoh, resulting in the defeat, capture and death of the latter—and by troubles with the Indians generally, so serious and menacing as to require strict guard to be kept at all times, and each family to send a man, “complete in arms, every Lord’s day, to defend the places of public worship.”

In all these matters Governor Wyllys took an active part. His position was a leading one in the colony. I find him at one time, with Governors Hopkins and Haynes, charged with the business of treating with “the Islanders and Uncas”—at another time with Gov. Hopkins, “furthering the League of Amity with the Bay”—at another, with Haynes, disposing of “a parte of Tunxis to such inhabitants of Windsor as they shall see cause,”—at another appointed with Haynes, Mason, and the rest of the magistrates, a secret committee “to make

preparations against Indian murderers and defeat the plot of the Indians meeting about Tunxis,—at another supervising the building of a ship for the colony, and at another providing powder. At another he is appointed "to debate with Mr. Huit on Style's his petition"—at another he is directed by the court of magistrates "to consider" an estate, "and advise how it may be disposed of, and report his apprehensions to the court,"—at another he is charged by the town of Hartford with determining the appropriation of sequestered ground. At another he displays his interest in matters of the town, by receiving from the inhabitants in company with Haynes, Hopkins, and Mr. Whiting, "liberty to set up a mill upon the Little River, near the house of John Haynes Esq., and the mill of Mr. Matthew Allen, in the most convenient place," with directions "to build a cart bridge twelve feet wide, strong and sufficient, with turned ballusters on the top, said mill and bridge to be finished before winter, and at the end of four years the town to aid in keeping them in repair." This mill was located at the spot now known as "Daniels Mills," and the bridge, which was the first ever constructed over Little River of which any notice is taken in the records, was at the same spot in Main street with that now occupied by the arch bridge.

His principal manager, William Gibbons, was an active, enterprising man, of much influence and repute among the settlers, as appears from the fact that he is frequently charged with town business, and called to serve on juries. It is probable that he was directing the labors of Governor Wyllys' men, when the Indians came up from the South Meadow to remonstrate against cutting down the Charter Oak. "It has been the guide of our ancestors for centuries," said they, "as to the time of planting our corn. When its leaves are of the size of a mouse's ear, then is the time to put the seed in the ground."

Governor Wyllys lies buried in the old yard of the Centre Church, directly beneath the monument erected to the memory of the first settlers, and there repose the bones of his family down to the present time.

The Wyllys family never had a funeral monument of their own. In this respect they were peculiar. One of the latest male members being asked why they did follow the custom in this respect replied, in the impulse of a strong pride, that "if the State of Connecticut could not remember

the Wyllyses without a monument, their memory might rot." This remark will find some justification when it is remembered that the first of the family, George, was Governor as well as Deputy Governor and Assistant of the State—the second, Samuel, who was a graduate of Harvard, and died May 30th, 1709, was thirty-six years Assistant and four years one of the Commissioners of the United Colonies—the third, Hezekiah, who was born in 1672 and died in 1741, was Secretary of State twenty-three years—the fourth, George, was in the same office sixty-one years—and the fifth, Samuel, held it thirteen years. It is believed that this instance of the perpetuation of high office in the same family for so long a series of years, is without a parallel in this country.

Governor Wyllys made a will, but it is nowhere recorded. On March 5th, 1645, it was "brought in court by William Gibbons." A will is a good index of character, and its loss in this instance is much to be regretted. None of his descendants however, except the last Samuel, ever made, that I can find, any testamentary disposition of their property. Colonel George, the Secretary for sixty-one years, who died in 1796, declared his wishes on his death bed with regard to his estate, and his children appeared before the Probate Court, and in an instrument under their hands, carried them cheerfully into effect. No male members of the family bearing the Wyllys name now survive, though there are several lineal descendants bearing a different name living, among whom are the venerable Mrs. Dana of Middletown, a grand daughter of Col. George Wyllys, and Mrs. Amelia Adams, of Boston, daughter of the last Hezekiah Wyllys. Mrs. Dana has in her possession a little remnant of the family plate, brought out by her ancestor the Governor. Mrs. Adams holds all the manuscripts which remain of her family. Dr. Trumbull, the Historian of Connecticut, had access to them, and from him we learn that they show that "love to undefiled religion and purity in Divine ordinances and worship" led the old Governor "to exchange his pleasant seat and easy circumstances in England for the dangers and hardships of a wilderness in America," and that he exhibited "excellent examples to his children, and took pious pains in their education, teaching them from childhood to pray always in secret, private and public, to venerate the Sabbath and the Divine word, and to attend all Christian institutions and du-

ties." "May the descendants," continues Dr. Trumbull, "ever inherit the virtues and honors of the family." *HISTORICUS.*

A REMARKABLE STORY.

Captain Klause, of Philadelphia, has discovered that the River Amazon is navigable for steamships from its mouth on the Atlantic to Lima, in Peru, and within eight miles of Callao, one of the principal ports on the Pacific. A long account of his expedition is given in the *Grenada Chronicle* of September 6th. Capt. K. left Lima on the 16th of Sept. 1844. The account says:

"He directed his course to the river Guallaga, by the mountain of 'Pasco.' Arrived at the village of Tingo, he embarked in a canoe with the object of exploring the river, to see if it was practicable to navigate it by steam, four steamers having for that purpose, arrived from North America. Following the stream, he approached a small hamlet, called Yurimaguas, which is the port of the city of Moyobamba, where he took in provisions. From Yurimaguas, he prosecuted his downward course to Laguna, the point of confluence of the Marahnon and Guallaga; here he entered the Marahnon, and proceeded to the frontiers of Peru and Brazil, arriving at a settlement called 'Our Lady of Loretto,' where he saw several Brazilian schooners. From Loretto he sent on a person to Jabilenga, a town of Brazil, with orders to the four steamers there to ascend the river as far as Loretto, and in a few days the whole four arrived, saluting the Brazilian battery, which mounted seven guns. In Loretto, there is a large lake, in which three of the steamers anchored to wait orders, and in the other, called the Peruvian, of one hundred and forty horse power, Captain Klause embarked, taking on board all the machinery necessary to clean out the river Guallaga, and to construct landing places, &c. He then proceeded against the stream to the mouth of the Guallaga, and port of Laguna, where he anchored in ten fathoms. Here he discharged the machinery into canoes, and, assisted by three hundred and fifty Indians, he ascended the river, clearing it of every obstruction as far as 'Pachisa,' at which place he was obliged to augment the number of hands to 700, from the increase of the work and labor they had to perform. He there continued his course against the current to the village of Tingo, the utmost point of steam navigation in the river Guallaga, distant from Lima seven or eight days by land.—From Tingo he returned back on foot with twenty-five soldiers by the 'Pama del Sacramento' to the 'Laguna,' where he found the steamer he had left there at anchor. He again embarked in the steamer, and proceeded in her up the Guallaga (now cleared of all obstruction) until he again reached Tingo without the slightest accident. From Tingo, Captain Klause forwarded despatches to Lima, noti-

fying the arrival of the steamer, and without loss of time he retraced his steps in a canoe, with the intention of sending up to Tingo the other steamers which were awaiting orders in the Lake of 'Our Lady of Loretto': but at the port of Yurimaguas he received a letter from the firm at Lima, directing him to proceed immediately to explore the river Pastaza, as far as it may be navigable by steam, and in case the navigation should prove to be practicable, to propose a contract to the Government of the Ecuador. In effect, the exploration was performed, and the river found perfectly navigable for steam vessels, save a few obstructions which would be cleared away on the Government consenting to a contract. From the point of confluence of the Pastaza with the Marahnon to the boundaries of Peru and the Ecuador, as far as the village of Andoas, Captain Klause did not meet with any obstacle except a sandbank, which, with ordinary caution, may be easily evaded: the current is rapid. From Andoas upwards, there are many obstructions which can only be removed by means of the machinery brought by the steamers for that purpose. Near Andoas, Capt. Klause discovered two mountains of rock salt, one very white, the other reddish; and along the banks of the Pastaza, above Andoas, he saw a number of little hamlets and settlements of wild Indians, called Zaparos, from whom he obtained provisions; finally he reached within two or three leagues of the river Jopa, where he landed, and arrived at the town of Bano in two days. From Bano he proceeded to Pelileo, where he remained four days, and saw several good mines of silver and platina. From Pelileo he arrived at this city (Quito) on the 23d April. Captain Klause says he was truly amazed at the quantity of minerals, dye-woods of various sorts and other valuable woods, coffee, cocoa (white and common) of excellent quality; cotton, very fine and long like wool; spices, balsam, raisins, wax, and other rich productions which he met with in great abundance everywhere during his travels."—*Selected.*

PARENT'S DEPARTMENT.

Edward's Sunday Employments.

There was a large and shady tree which grew in front of the house, and he often sat at the window and looked at it. It was a pleasant sight when covered with green leaves, and at that season when the birds build their nests, for they could live there without danger of being disturbed.

Often was Edward seated there on a Sabbath morning, listening to his father's remarks, or studying a bible lesson with him. And this was the way in which they held their conversations. If Edward thought of any question to ask, about any subject proper for the Lord's day, he would

ask it, knowing that he should receive a kind answer; for his father did all he could to induce him to make proper inquiries, both that he might keep his mind active, and store it with useful knowledge, and because he knew that is one of the best modes of keeping up the necessary acquaintance and confidence between a parent and a child. If Edward seemed to have no particular inquiries to make, his father would often speak to him of something likely to interest him, and put questions to lead him to some useful reflections.

One great class of objects on which they conversed was the objects of nature, as they are often called, that is, the works of God: the tree and the birds, the grass and flowers at its feet, the insects, stones and earth, the clouds beyond and above it, and many other things beside. After speaking a little of some of these, Edward was often called upon to repeat or to learn a verse or two from the Bible in which they are mentioned; and thus, after a time, he had a number of passages which he knew by heart.

And this, by the way, is a very useful kind of knowledge; for men and women often have wrong ideas of the meaning of texts of Scripture because they do not remember the words precisely. Edward's father felt that it is a very valuable thing for a person to have his memory well filled from the word of God, because he had seen the utility of it once in a very remarkable manner. The story I may tell at another time.

This was the way in which Edward studied his Bible lessons, and he was very fond of it. His father would have the Bible Dictionary and the Bible Geography laid out, every Saturday evening or Sunday morning, with the Bible; and frequently his sister was with them when they began their lesson. One would read a verse and stop. Then Edward would call out the names of persons it contained, and his sister would mention the names of places, and each would open one of the books, find those names, and read in turn what was said of them. Their father took care to have maps of Palestine at hand, and called upon them sometimes to find the places mentioned, and occasionally made remarks. At family worship, in the course of the week, he also sometimes spoke of something in the lesson; and thus the children usually became pretty well acquainted with it before another one was commenced.

In the evening the children repeated

hymns and passages of scripture in different ways, which perhaps may hereafter be described.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

DEAR SIR.—Having seen a notice in some of the papers of the day, of a proposition, made by a gentleman of Boston, to construct an *Artesian Well*, and not knowing the principle upon which such wells act, we thought that information upon the subject, communicated through the columns of your valuable paper, would not only be acceptable to us, but might perhaps enlighten others, who are so unfortunate as to be as ignorant as ourselves.

Please give us this information, and oblige,
A SUBSCRIBER.

We have only room this week for a short reply to this question.

Artesian Wells are made by boring into the earth, in places where water will spontaneously rise, when supplied with a vent. This will not happen, except where subterranean streams, or natural reservoirs are under a pressure sufficient to force it up. Such pressure exists only under certain circumstances, and most commonly in regions in which a loose stratum, as of sand or gravel, lies between two hard or impermeable strata, as rock or clay. These strata must also have a dip to the horizon, that is, must be placed in a slanting direction. If rain water fills the loose stratum, and is retained there, bore a hole till you open it 50 or 500 feet below, and the pressure will fill the hole, and in some cases, throw water out to a great height. If the supply is sufficient at all seasons, the well, or jet will be constant.

These wells have often been made in our country. The last we have heard of, is that recently made by Mr. Delavan, for the supply of his great temperance hotel at Albany. They derive the name given above, from Artois in France, where they were early introduced.—The French adjective, *Artesien*, means merely belonging to Artois, or, as we might perhaps have said in English, *artoisian*. We may say more hereafter on this interesting subject.

FRANCE.—The Minister of public Instruction has published an order, by which he interdicts the keepers of ladies' boarding schools from taking in grown-up parlor boarders.

A girl was tickled to death in the environs of Paris lately. First she laughed heartily, then convulsive heaves of the chest succeeded. She rose, but immediately fell and expired.

POETRY.

THE WIDOWER.

How could they tell me she was dead,
With such a calm cold tone,
She whom I loved beyond my life,
My precious one, my own!
—And yet they did not know that she,
The lost one, was so dear to me.

I heard it with a calm pale cheek,
No tear was in my eye;
I couldn't bear that men should look
Upon my agony;
And so I coldly turned away,
Almost as carelessly as they.

—I wonder if they've planted flowers
Above her early bed—
I wonder if the mourning tree
Sighs sadly o'er her head;
Or if kind friends are there to weep
Above her calm and dreamless sleep.

And who were near to lay their hands
Upon her aching brow,
And speak those words of hope and cheer
That would be mock'ry now?—
Or point her feeble faith to Thee,
Thou who wast slain on Calvary?

I know not if they've planted flow'rs
Above her earthly bed;
I know not if the mourning tree
Sighs sadly o'er her head;
Or if kind friends are there to weep
Above her calm and dreamless sleep.

But in my heart there was a fount
Of bitter, gushing woe;
I sought to be alone, that tears
From my sad eyes should flow;
But tears,—the tide of lesser grief,
Refused to lend their calm relief.

She was so dear to me—so good,
So beautiful and fair—
With her kind eyes, and pleasant smile,
And her soft waving hair!
And she to die, nor I be there
To listen to her latent pray'r!

I only know that I am sad,
So desolate and lone:
The world has such a weary look,
And such an altered tone!
And yet I feel how worse than vain,
The wish to call her back again.

I know that mine's a selfish grief,
For she is happy now;
The stamp of immortality
Is on her angel brow.
Yet still my heart keeps sighing on,
And asking for the loved and gone.—
Salem Gaz.

PROGRESS OF THE RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.—The most important news relates to the movements of the Catholics in Germany. Between the Roman and German Catholics a fierce controversy is going on. Ronge was fiercely assailed by the Romanists, and suffered persecution from his opposers, but friends were rising up all around him, and the weaker party of to-day, promises ere long to be the strong party. These movements have excited deep interest, not only in the small principalities, but throughout Prussia, Austria, and every where from the Baltic to the Rhine.

The Jesuits at Heiligenstädt are in full activity, and fanaticism has risen there to such a pitch that the "Heiligenstädt shooters' company, made Actuarius Marning, an adherent to the new doctrines, their target in effigie."

At Oppenheim, on the Rhine, on the 1st of September a convention of the delegates of the Rhenish German Catholic communities took place. Among the communities represented were those of Frankfort, Wiesbaden, Worms, Darmstadt and others.

The average number of wrecks of British merchant ships a year is 600! The average sum lost, about two millions and a-half sterling! The average of lives lost, the lamentable number of 1,560.

A society has been formed in Paris for establishing winter gardens, from which it is said flowers of all kinds may be obtained in the depth of winter at a cost not much higher than in other gardens during the summer.

But few towns in any of the old States have increased more rapidly in wealth and population than Springfield, Mass. But a few years since, and it was a single village, pleasant, it is true, and with a healthy, thriving, population. Now the town itself is large and flourishing, containing a countless number of stores, school-houses, churches, and other public buildings, besides workshops and manufactories of various kinds. Two other large manufacturing villages, Cabotville and Chicopee, have, within comparatively a few years, been built up in the precincts of Springfield, and the whole town, which in 1840 contained 11,000 inhabitants, now numbers over 15,000, and many dwelling houses and blocks of stores are under way at the present time.—*Bost. Jour.*

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